

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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PROSPECTUS, OF THE

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARTHQUAKE.

The following graphic description of the sensations experienced during an earthquake, is from "Wald's Residence in Constantinople, during the Greek and Turkish Revolutions." It occurred in the island of Zante, a place subject to these tremendous throes of nature.

"When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighted on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above, were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I collected, was one indelibly tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places; presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable melancholy humming sound seemed to issue from the earth; and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split in to splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same time, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chinks. I now threw off the bed clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruin of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again lay back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick covering, to protect it from the falling fragments.

"Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which changed my mind. I went to look at the clock, and found it in the square against the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my own sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me, that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever."

Israelites of Mount Lebanon.—Edward Daniel Clark, one of the most pleasing of our modern descriptive travellers, and whose lamented death occurred in 1882, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century he travelled through Russia, Egypt and Palestine, every where making such observations on the character, and manners of the nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar. When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Gennesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given some new particulars respecting this curious people. "They are," says Clark, "the most extraordinary people on earth—singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They only eat what they earn by their own labor, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites of Egypt."

What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from among the women present. The calf is of gold, silver or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was indignant in descending from Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf was a Cypid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses were held. For it is related that they set up a molten calf, which Azaon had made from earrings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstition and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it to you as one of the highest antiquities, and most curious relics of remote ages, which has yet been found upon earth."

Sagacity of Animals.—The instinct of animals as it is called, in some cases approaches so closely to reason, that it is exceedingly difficult to draw the line between them. Many animals, particularly the dog, the horse, and the elephant, can draw an inference from established premises, with the acuteness of a practical logician. Even the domestic cat, sometimes seems to try to prove that she is a rational creature. We have somewhere seen stated that a favorite cat was an inmate of a boarding-house, where it was usual to ring the bell affixed to the stairway as a signal for dinner. At these times she sat pattered and indulged, always received her share of the good things, and listened to the hall as soon as she heard the tintinnabulatory clatter. One day she was accidentally shut up in a chamber during dinner, and on being released from her confinement an hour or two later, she hastened to the dining hall, but alas for poor Grimbalkin, the table was cleared away. Shortly after, the bell was heard to ring loudly and repeatedly. The inmates of the house hastened to see what was the matter, and were much surprised to find the poor, hungry cat, clinging to the bell-ropes, and ringing away with all her might! Who will say that this cat could not draw an inference?

A similar anecdote is related of a dog. In a French monastery, it was customary for those members of the community, who were fairly coming to dinner to approach the pantry and ring a little bell, which was placed in a convenient spot, on hearing which the cook would pass out the portion of food contained in a little box, which turned horizontally by means of machinery. The dog watched all these operations, and was often treated with a bone, from one of the Friars. One day being particularly hungry, and not receiving his customary share of food, he seized the bell in his mouth and gave it a good shake! A portion of good wholesome food was instantly passed out from the pantry, which the anxious quondam animal devoured with much gusto. Delighted with his success, he repeated the experiment daily, until the cook found that some one was playing him a trick, that he furnished more rations than there were mouths. He complained to the Superior; a watch was privately set to detect the gourmandizing culprit, and poor Fido was caught in the act. Nevertheless the brotherhood were so well pleased with his stratagem for satisfying the demands of hunger, that the cook was ordered to allow him his portion regularly, with the remainder of the fraternity, whenever he made the signal.—Boston Merc. Journal.

An English paper gives the following account of the death of an individual from that terrible disease, the Glanders:

Most Horrible Death.—On Saturday week, an extraordinary case was held at the Chancery, in the street, in London, on the body of John McLean, whose death occurred under the following circumstances. The jury first proceeded to view the body of the unfortunate man, which presented a spectacle too horrible to describe, the face being entirely eaten away, and the whole body being one mass of sores from top to toe. From the depositions it appeared that the deceased was the driver of a cab and horse, the property of Mr. W. Johnson, cab owner, at the west end of the town. On the evening of Friday week, deceased came home and complained of having a cold. He took some gruel, and went to bed. On the following day large lumps or swellings began to make their appearance under the jaw and on the nose, which he well as the eyes, emitted a great deal of running. The eyes gradually became worse, and full of holes, and the nose and jaw broke out into dreadful sores. Medical aid was called in, but the gentleman who attended was unable to tell the nature of the disease. On Wednesday week deceased was conveyed in a cab to Sir Astley Cooper, who examined him, and pronounced it to be the glanders, caught from a horse. The deceased's medical attendant subsequently fell in with his opinion, but all remedies were found of no avail. The unfortunate man gradually became worse and entirely insensible. In the space of two days his nose fell from his face, and his eyes became like a cold, both emitting a thick mucous running. He, however, about a quarter of an hour before his death, which took place on Thursday evening, recovered his senses, and stated that he had got his death by wiping the horse, which was glandered, with his pocket handkerchief, and then in cautiously using the same to wipe his own nose. He expired in the most excruciating agony. The jury returned a verdict—"That deceased died from glanders accidentally caught from a horse, of which he was the driver." The jury declared that they could not be satisfied unless the horse was killed. The proprietor expressed his readiness to assent to their proposal, and the animal was accordingly destroyed.

From Heres Greece and Turkey.
TURKISH HONESTY.

A very false idea has long prevailed regarding the Turks, throughout Europe, and more particularly in England, where the word Turk has been applied as a mark of opprobrium, to designate ferocity, brutality, or savageness. In France they are more moderate, merely saying, "As strong as a Turk; and the same comparison is sometimes made in Scotland. Perhaps there is no other country in Europe where the honesty of individuals is so prevalent as in Turkey. I have travelled in many parts of it, where I have seen the cushions and pillows, on which people sleep, left outside the houses all night, under a sort of awning, the owners not appearing to have any idea that there was the least risk of any person appropriating to themselves that which belonged to another. Although they will endeavour to get as much as they can from you in striking a bargain; yet, if, in mistake, even a para too much has been paid, they will return it; and if the difference be material, there have been many instances known of their taking great pains to find out the persons who had given them more than the sum

agreed, in order to restore that which they never could consider as their own. The hostman have often returned me some small coin, when I thought I had but given them their due.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
THE GYMNOSOPHISTS OF PERSIA.

A class of Philosophers in Persia were accustomed to go naked, from which circumstance they were called Gymnosophists. Ten of their number were taken by Alexander during his expedition through that country; and as they had fastened Sabres to their waists, and occupied the Macedonians innumerable other troubles, the conqueror sought a fit opportunity for inflicting a punishment. Yet having been himself a pupil of Aristotle, and being still a Philosopher, a fellow feeling in this instance made him unusually kind—softening the severity of the tyrant, and placing in the hand of ingenuity a defence to combat the consequences of former vice and folly, and to sustain the reputation of their sect while they avoided the retribution due to their crime. Therefore, as they were famous for acuteness of apprehension and readiness of answer, he proposed to each the most difficult question—promising death to him that made the worst answer. The eldest of their number was made judge.

The first was asked, "Which were the most magnificent, the living or the dead?"

He answered, "the living, for the dead no longer exist."

The second, "Whether the earth or the sun produced the largest animals?"

He answered, "the earth, for the sun is part of it."

The third, "Which was the crest of all animals?"

"That which man is not yet acquainted with."

The fourth, "What was there reason for punishing Sardan to revolt?"

"Because," said he, "we wished him to live with honour, or die as a coward deserter."

The fifth, "Which do you think the oldest, the day or the night?"

"The day, by one day."

The philosopher seeing the king surprised by this answer, quickly added—

"Abstract questions must have abstract answers."

The sixth, "What are the best means for a man to make himself loved?"

He answered, "if possessed of great power, do not make yourself feared."

The seventh, "How might a man become a God?"

"By doing what is impossible for a man to do."

The eighth, "What is the strongest, life or death?"

"Life, because it bears so many ills."

The ninth, "How long is it good for a man to live?"

"As long as he does not prefer life to death."

The king, then turning to the judge, ordered him to give sentence, and say which had made the worst answer.

"In my opinion," replied the philosopher, "they have all answered one worse than an-cha."

PLUTARCH.

Anecdote.—A celebrated English preacher, now deceased, in a charge which he delivered to a young preacher at his ordination, thus addressed him:—
"Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your little self with you. Precept this again, sir, that you may more deeply impress your ministry. I say, that you are never to bring your little self with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place, it is your duty to hold up your great Master to the people, in his character, in his offices, in his precepts, in his promises, and in his glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your little finger be seen."

Touching Dress.—There are some promotions in life which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the ease and waistcoat connected with them. A field marshal has his uniform, a bishop his silk apron, a counsellor his gown, a headle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the headle of his cocked hat and gold lace, what are they? Men—mere men. Promote them, raise them to higher and different offices in the state; and, divested of their black silk aprons and cocked hats, they shall still lack their old dignity, and be somewhat shorn of their influence with the multitude. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.—"Bus," in Bently's Miscellany.

The Whims of Genius.—Hayden, when he set down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care; he had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Frederick II. had given him a diamond ring, and Hayden declared, that if he happened to begin without it, he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on a copperplate.

After all these minute preparations, he began by chousing the theme of his subject, and fixing into what keys he wished to modulate, and he varied the action, as it were, of his subject, by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance. Gluck, when he felt himself in humor for composing, had his piano-forte carried into a beautiful meadow, and with a bottle of champagne on each side of him, transported his imagination to Elysium. Barti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the funeral stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp. Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth: surrounded by a party of gay friends, he conceived his operas; and, as the ideas presented themselves, he seized and embodied them.

In this way he planned that beautiful comic opera, "Il Matrimonio Segreto." Paganini composed the "Barbieri di Siviglia," and "La Molliere," in bed. And Sacchini declared, that his best and most successful inspirations came from his two favorite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.

AGRICULTURE.

From the English Ploughman.
THE FARMER.

No avocation in life is more respectable and useful than that of the farmer. The time has gone by when "contempt is cast upon the husbandman." Agriculture, as a science, is becoming more important, and more honorable. It is the basis, for it is the natural employment of man. The intelligent and independent farmer is ever respected; he holds an important and responsible place in society. Upon him devolve many duties; upon him rest many obligations. In him we look for examples in patriotism, virtue and intelligence. Living, not in the "ham of human cities," where he would be continually in the whirlpool of political and other excitement, he can amonish quantities of a moral, religious and political nature, with a quiet head, a calm mind, and an unbiassed judgment. To him we look for correct opinion, and in him we should ever find a safe counsellor, and a correct adviser.

Our farmers should cultivate their minds and their hearts, as well as their fields. They can gain as rich rewards in the month, as they can reap profitable harvests in the natural world. Without learning a man cannot be a first rate farmer. Without intelligence he cannot discharge in a proper manner, the duties of a citizen. Agriculture is a science that requires experience and study. Men must be educated as to husbandry, as well as to law, science, or doctors. And there are thousands of young men who are in clerical and office, who should go into agricultural pursuits. It would be better for them, better for the country. And who would not rather be an independent farmer, than a small shopkeeper, or a fourth rate lawyer, or doctor? Who would not rather be in a useful employment, than to be idle in one which does world calls honorable? Let young men seek for good, rather than for ease. Let them in the cotton trade and sugar line.

From the Southern Agriculturist.
ON FEEDING HORSES ON PEAZE TO SAVE GRAIN.

Mr. Barron: Agreeably to my promise, your note and paper on peaze feeding horses, on grain, to me. In 1886, I discovered that I had not made as many blades as I thought would serve my horses the year; and I had a fine crop of peaze. I fed my horses on peaze in the barn at night, and at 12 o'clock, in the morning, on corn. I gave each horse half a bushel of peaze in the morning. My horses got fat on them, and they did a great deal of work all the time. This peaze may benefit the up-country planter, as they have the advantage of marsh, that they can use by the first of May. But if the up-country planter's blades happen to give out by April, he has nothing that he can feed on in place of blades, but corn, and they do not come in until the middle of June. I have been pursuing the same course with my horses this winter, though I had plenty of blades, and I intend to continue to do it as long as I am a planter. Hoping this may benefit some planter, I am yours, respectfully.

From the Franklin Farmer.
RENEWING OLD HANDSAWS.

I am in possession of an improvement which, if you think worth communicating to the mechanics and farmers, is at your service. In the year 1861, in Harrison county, Ky., I had a very fine hand saw, which some of my apprentices mended until for use. She had what is termed by mechanics, a spring or broken back, or joint in her, and was thrown by. I tried several experiments to remove the spring and at last fell on the following plan:—I took a blacksmith's hand-hammer with a smooth face and laid the saw on a smooth anvil, and hammered it lengthwise where the spring or joint seemed to be. I hammered it in the centre of the width, which removed the joint, and she was straight and stiff as ever, and was no more liable to have a spring or joint than any new saw, and performed as well as usual. If the hammer and anvil are smooth, no one will ever observe that it has been done. I have straightened a great number of useless saws thus and made them good as new, and have communicated this method of doing it, to many of my brother mechanics in Kentucky and other States. And now, as a mechanic and farmer, have thought for several years of having this information published in the world, for there are thousands of hand saws thrown aside as useless, for want of a knowledge how to restore them to usefulness. J. H. WENTWORTH, Millwright of Kentucky.

Sun Flowers.—A southern farmer says he plants 2 hills of this in each fence panel corner, and as soon as the blossoms begin to appear, he cuts the stalks about a foot from the ground, gives them to his horses, who eat them with avidity. They are also good provender for cattle, the seeds are good food for poultry, and tea made of them is superior as a medicine, to that made of flaxseed. The oil made of them turns nearly as well as sperm.

CORN.

The following is part of an epistle from Mr. Grant Thorburn, to the editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser. We copy it for the benefit of our fancy "corn growers," thinking, however, whether much has been gained by these literary needs.

"Mr. Jefferson says, the man who makes corn

Having become the Proprietors of "The Western Carolinian," it is but proper that we should be known to the public our political principles, in the manner in which we intend to conduct it. We will do without the least reserve.

We hold to the political principles of the Republican party as they were understood and practiced by that party first came into power. We are advocates of a plain common sense construction of the Constitution, and against the exercise of all doubtful powers by either branch of the Government. We think that the Government was established for the benefit of the people, and not that the people were made for the Government; and we believe that no more taxes ought to be laid on the people than may be absolutely necessary to carry on the Government in a judicious and economical manner.

We are opposed to the creating of a new National debt in times like the present; because a new debt will soon bring upon the people new taxes. We are utterly opposed to the increase of taxes, and increasing the Tariff. We deny that any man has any right to tax the people, for the purpose of increasing the profits of the manufacturer. We think the present rates of duties already high, but inasmuch as they were fixed by Congress, we think that arrangement ought not to be disturbed. By that act, the Tariff duties will be at rates high enough to produce revenue amply sufficient to meet all the reasonable expenses of the Government.

We are opposed to the General Government's making the power to make Roads, and Canals, and the limits of the individual States; we believe it has no power to collect taxes of the people of North Carolina to make roads and improvements in New York, or any other State;—and if we had such power, it would be unjust and unequal to exercise it. Our doctrine is,—let each carry on its own internal improvements. We are opposed to all monopolies whatever, because they are contrary to the spirit of our Institutions and dangerous to liberty. We are in favor of a thorough reform in the administration of the Federal Government. If such a reform does not take place, the United States cannot much longer continue to be a free people.

The administration of John Q. Adams was bad in all respects; but that of Andrew Jackson was infinitely worse. The country for some years has been reaping the bitter fruits of his mismanagement. Mr. Van Buren was brought in by a pretension of the money and of Government to that purpose, and by a political fraud practiced on the people under the name of the "Baltimore Convention"—a grand Caucus of office holders and office seekers, the more objectionable that it was enacted on a large scale. He, however, is now receiving his reward, the hanging of the wall, and by anticipation we may see him among the political dead. He has, however, more than half of his term yet to serve, so we intend to not in all fairness towards him, we will examine all his public acts with candor, such as we may disapprove, and give a support to such as we may think just and fair.—Patriotism and honesty require this.

As regards the next Presidency, we cannot say who we will support, for we do not know who will be Candidates—it is time enough yet to make a choice—"sufficient unto the day is the ill thereof." Whenever the proper time comes of making a choice, we shall do so under no other than the of our convictions of right.

Although "The Western Carolinian" will continue to maintain a political character, yet we intend it shall not contain so much political matter as heretofore. We shall endeavor to give a great variety to its contents.

As many of our readers are Farmers, we shall endeavor not to neglect their interest; but keep a constant look-out for something that will prove novel and interesting to them.

Regarding the advancement of Morality as essential to the well-being of society and the prosperity of any people, we shall neglect no opportunity of promoting it to the extent of our limited means. With these principles for our guidance, we shall move on in our humble sphere, and hope to receive a continued support of all the old Patrons of "The Carolinian," and of such new ones as may choose to favor us with their names.

TERMS:

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.

2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors.

3. A failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each continuance. Court and judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

Advertisements sent in for publication, without the number of insertions marked thereon, will, in all cases, be published till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

N. B. Letters addressed to the Editors on business, must, in all cases, be Post paid.

Inquietudes of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all our inclinations, and passions, which, and ideas that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

large and splendid stock of Blanks, of almost every description now in use. (See hand-bill.)

